

KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, THE FARM INTERESTS, HOME MATTERS, CHOICE MISCELLANY, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

NUMBER 38

DEATH OF THACKERAY.

Notification of R. H. Stoddard's death was sent to the editor of the Sentinel on the occasion of the death of the following:
ADSUM.
December 23-24, 1863.]

The angel came by night—
Such angels still come down—
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along the crowded streets,
Where woe had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep—
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men—
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen—
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear
He never turned his head,
But answered: "I am here."

II.
Into the night he went;
At morning side by side
They gained the sacred place
Where the great Dead abide;
Where the grand old Homer sits
In good like state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The sweet Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walls,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossamer Mountaine,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his
Whose little sea of light
The only Shakespeare is;
When the new Spirit came,
They looked him drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered: "I am here."

CAMILLA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging-house, where he slept nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese, (or Bologna sausage, when he could afford it,) and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his bed, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties; he never went to church; but picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him and gave them half-pennies when he had any, shared his dinner often with a waxy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Nora and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings' worth of strength and shoe-leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street-door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crunched on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin, and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any."

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

"Is this Paul was dumfounded; and, looking at great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust his hand under the arm which had the bread, and putting the other under the tiny figure, he said, "Oh, I got a home—a really jolly place. Come up and see it."

And that is the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying calico gowns and shoes for his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of an old man, hitherto alone and untried, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the odd yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride, rightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she wherever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, evaded the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in this world than the little waif, Camilla.

There were many days when rheumatism drew Paul up by the fire in the old back attic, and drew the last penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never for a moment forgetting her duty, would sit by his side, and when he had been that bitter night of their meeting, would find a word to ward off his pain, and courage to keep them both at until help came.

The winter 1866 came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard.

At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are not in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

ling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest voice and piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude and offer—"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She will not suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me, sir. I do not wish to insult you, but would I raise this child from her poverty and educate her that she might be of use to you and to herself and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

"Lor! Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hotel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left her body; but dear me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an elbow-glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging-house to a snug set of chambers, a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes and Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropic friend Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warblings of the rich young voice.

When she had been there, six months, she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I have to come to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad for many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out as if in mortal pain; and, without a word, flew down the street toward home. As she turned the corner, she dashed pell-mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said:

"Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive, as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protegee was stealing from childhood into beautiful womanhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-by, Camilla. Kiss me good-by."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. To go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he placed before her.

It is reported as a recent occurrence that a poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I expect, if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound, and then the broad curtain rolled up, and disclosed the elegantly-fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipations, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly shaped arms; with a crown of pure black hair upon the regal head; with great, dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful; and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of the sweeping robe; and they had all seen the long, talked of and highly praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla the poor little waif, the child of poor Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamation had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony, and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away—a dreamy, mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and hope half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expected, trembling glimpse of something better, and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphant strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air and then died away. For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only, and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music-master and manager sat, an old, odd looking man waved his hankerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing-room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side-scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her in the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?" She put her hands over her eyes, murmuring:

"You do not mean my words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head, with- in his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying, "Oh, Richard, take me away! I am sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his hands lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep! Come, it is time to go home. Ah!"

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold and fell back, stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love. He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unoffending life had passed out into the new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of them; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly, that few knew the cause of her flight, and she sings only to him and to her brood of young Claverings.

The following correspondence is said to have taken place between a merchant and one of his clients: "Sir, your account has been standing for two years; I must have it settled immediately." Answer—"Sir: things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

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Josh Billings Under Oath.

Josh Billings being duly sworn, testified as follows:
Eight went to go to 6 and hav mntch or enny thing left over. Meiny a yung feller had found out this sum in arithmeticks by trying tew git a number 8 foot into a number 6 foot.

Vicere, in one respect, iz like man ny. That which we hav tew work the hardest for sticks tew us the best. Men of phew but aktiv branos hav the best exekutive abilities. Their branes is like a bullit—compakt, and go strate for the bull's eye.

Affektashun never improved enny loddie yet. It iz better to be a devil than a hypocrit.

I hav often herd there waz men who knew more than they could tell, but i never met one. I hav often met thoza who could tell a grate deal more than they did kno, and waz willing tew sware tew it besides.

To be proof aginst flattery, a man must hav no vanity, and such a man never existed; if he did he is now one or the lost one.

Hopz hav made a grate menny blander, but there iz one thing about her that i alwaz did like—she means well. Sum people are good simply becauz they are too lazy tew be wicked, and others, becauz they hant got a good chance.

In munny, interest phollows the principal; in morals, principle often phollows the interest.

Yu will notis one thing—the devil sedd offers tew go into partnership with the bizzy man, but yu will often see him offer tew jine the lazy man, and furnish all the kapital.

Love iz about the only pashun of the heart, that i can think of n.w, that never makes enny mistakes that she can be held accountable for. If yu waz a going tew try pure love for a crime, what court would yu take her befor?

"In time of peace prepare for war." This iz the way sum families live all the time.

The vices which a man kontraks in hiz youth, however much he may shake them oph, will often call on him thru life, and seek to renew hiz acquaintance.

Every man hav hiz follies, but there iz this difference—in the poor man, they look like crimes, while, in the rich man, they only appear tew be excentricities.

Old age inkreases us in wisdom, and also in rumatism.

I kno lots of pholks who are pins just becauz they waz born so. They kant tell when they got religion, and, if they should looze it, they wouldnt kno it.

We never outgrow our phollys—we only alter them.

There iz this difference between charity and a gift—charity comes from the heart; a gift, from the pocket.

Coquets are generally too silly to be very wicked.

There iz full az menny pholks in this world who hav bin ruined by kindness az there iz who hav bin by krelty.

I think the honesty of men iz oftner the effect of policy than principle.

There iz only one kind of folks who can keep a sekret good, and they never take enny tew keep.

The man who iz wicked enuff tew be drowed iz a safer man in the community than the one who iz just viltuous enuff not tew be suspected.

It iz just az natral to be born poor az it iz tew be born naked, and it iz no more disgrace.

Don't forget one thing, my boy—that when five men kill yu a success, and one man kills yu a failure, that the one man's testimony iz what fetches the jury.

In Choyenne, when anything happens, the people consider it a duty to hold a meeting and pass resolutions upon it. The other day a woman fell into Crow Creek and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, J. A. Arnold was elected chairman; and on taking his seat, Mr. Arnold not only thanked the meeting very warmly for the compliment offered him, but made a long speech in which he discussed the tariff, the total product for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions was then offered, and after a prolonged discussion and the acceptance of several amendments they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of Crow Creek, regrets that all women were not taught to swim, and a resolve to rescue the particular one who had fallen overboard. A committee was appointed to dive for her. None of the women in Choyenne can hold their breath more than an hour at a time, so when this one was recovered, she was dead.

Smith met Brown the other day. Smith is Brown's new neighbor. And Smith said: "Mr. Brown this is your wife's birthday, I understand; won't you allow me to make her a little present?" "Certainly, Mr. Smith," said Brown; "you are very kind, and this is quite unexpected; you are quite a stranger, you know." "Never mind," said Smith; "that's no reason why we should not be or friendly terms." And so they went into a convenient jeweler's, and Smith bought a handsome locket for \$50, which he presented to Brown to be presented to his wife with the congratulations of neighbor Smith. When the locket came to be paid for the generous but absent-minded Smith had forgotten his check book, but Brown was flush, and accommodated him. They parted a few blocks from the store, to which Smith returned, and was paid a commission of five dollars on the sale of the locket. He still owes Brown the principal Mrs. Smith's birthday is next week. Brown is looking for Smith to give him something to take home to his wife.

The health of General Wade Hampton is reported to be improving.

DICKENS IN A BAD HUMOR.

Story of a Lady Who Painted His Wife's Portrait.

A lady writes the following in the Englishwoman's Magazine:

On a certain occasion Mrs. Dickens had a portrait of herself painted by the writer, who needed patronage.—Mrs. D. kept the matter a secret from her husband in order to surprise him. The portrait was nearly completed, and all who saw it thought it an excellent likeness. It was arranged that I should bring it myself, in case he should suggest an alteration.

Accordingly I went to Devonshire Terrace in a cab with my picture, but found that Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were out, but were momentarily expected. I was shown into the dining room and requested by the domestic to wait, as Mrs. Dickens expected me. The cloth was laid for either dinner or luncheon. I waited for an hour and at last I heard the carriage draw up to the door. Mrs. Dickens came to me with her usual kiss, and "so sorry for keeping you waiting."

It was raining fast, and her thin boots were wet with only walking from the carriage, so she took them off then and there, and fancying I was in a state of suspense, she would not wait for her slippers but went straight into the library to Mr. Dickens, with the portrait in her hand. Notwithstanding the closed door, and that I sat far away from it, the fire, I could hear the tones of their voices.—Mrs. Dickens' expository, Mr. Dickens' imperatively. At last she returned flurried, but trying to put the best face on the matter.

She made apologies for him, that he was not very well, and tired. She hoped I would excuse him not being able to see me.

I faltered out, "Does he not like the portrait?"

"He has not had time to look at it properly. Of course he will think it like. You mustn't mind, dear, but to tell the truth he is a little grumpy just now, but it will be all right presently. You know a man is always cross when he has been kept without his dinner. Won't you stay?" she added, hesitatingly, and in such a tone that I knew she was afraid I might.

I don't know what I answered. I was thoroughly cut up, and wanted to have a good cry. I broke from her, and while she was kissing me, and telling me she would write and let me know how he liked it, she slid into my hand a folded piece of green paper, which I knew was a cheque, and which I purposely dropped as I passed into the hall. She came after me, looking very vexed, and put it in my reticule, saying, "For my sake!" Glad to get out of the house, I did not stay to discuss the point, but almost ran into the rain. Round the corner I found an empty cab, and in it I cried to my heart's content all the way home. I never crossed his threshold again.

Whether it was really that Mr. Dickens was hungry and cross, or whether he was annoyed with Mrs. Dickens for having her portrait done without his knowledge, or whether it was because he did not like the picture, I could never discover. "He was so odd," was the only explanation I ever received from the several "mutual" friends to whom I mentioned the affair. Old Mrs. Dickens liked the picture so much that she begged to have it (I was told,) and so it ended. It was some salve to my *amour propre* that I had, in the spring, a portrait of the Speaker Shaw Leveque's daughter in the Academy, hung "on the line," and favorably noticed by several of the papers; and that it was considered a "speckling likeness."

Such a Dumpling.

The captain of one of the largest steamboats running on the Potomac was astonished one day lately, as his boat touched the landing at one of the riverside watering-places not a great distance from Washington, to see all the guests assembled with their baggage ready to take passage for the city. In making inquiries as to the cause of this general exodus, he soon discovered that thereby hung a tale—a cat's. It appears the fare at the hotel had disagreed with the boarders, and not satisfied with complaining, they took French leave. A batch of dough had been prepared for the oven and placed on the table. A playful kitten thought it would be nice fun to run over it looked, so snowy, warm, and tempting. Kitty tried it and soon found her little feet sinking in dough. She struggled to escape, but it was only to sink deeper and deeper until this youthful cat disappeared entirely, and so, like Lochinvar, went into the yeast. She never arose again, but the bread did. It closed over the unfortunate specimen, not leaving a trace apparent. Cooky of course was not aware, instead of having a loaf of bread, she had a kitten dumpling, and put the mass into the oven and baked it. When the bread was opened at breakfast next morning, the birds did not begin to sing, but the boarders did. They fairly howled with wrath. They knew that there had been a family of kittens, and as hash had been served for breakfast before this extraordinary loaf was opened the conclusion was natural that the other part of the family had gone into the hash and down their throats. They were first taken with sea sickness, next with home sickness, and then ensued a general packing up. The fashionable summer resort was left with no inhabitants but the cook and baker, and what remained of the family of kittens.

The Nashville Banner says: "The most atrocious murder that has been committed in this State for some time past is detailed in the Tennessee Republican of last Saturday. Thomas Roseberry was set upon near Huntingdon by a band of assassins, one of whom was a deputy collector of internal revenue, and shot to death. As the bloody deed was committed by Radical Kuklux, the Republican very charitably thinks it best to forbear any comment."

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A Strange Story.

The Louisville Commercial tells the following strange and melancholy story:

Yesterday afternoon a gentleman living in an aristocratic portion of Second street set out to search for his wife, who had been absent from home since Saturday. Going into the row of huts located between Walnut and Madison and East and Floyd streets, he was filled with unutterably anguish at finding her in one of these dirty huts, occupied only by colored people, and evidently very much intoxicated. All of his efforts to induce her to return to her home and to the six loving children with which their marriage has been blessed, were unavailing. The woman entreated to be left alone, or else be permitted to go where she would never behold his face again. She had on her person the sum of three hundred dollars which she stated would take her where she pleased. A carriage was sent to the door, and the officer, went into the house and finally persuaded her to return to the home which she had not seen, and perhaps had not thought of, since Saturday. She was placed in the carriage, and in company with the officer, went back to her family, but not without imploring to be allowed to go anywhere else. The appearance of the woman is prepossessing in every respect. Above the average size, she is splendidly formed, and in effluent circumstances. What motive there is for this woman's strange and disgraceful conduct cannot even be suggested. This adds yet another horror to she long list of crimes from drunkenness. Here is a woman of personal beauty, high position, a mother surrounded by her children, dragged down below the level of a brute, and involving in her fall, husband, children and loving friends, and all for what? Let who will, answer.

A Sister of Charity. On a bleak winter night a mere scraw was handed in at the door with a name known to fame; death was imminent. The patient was in a kind of out-house, back from the street. A solitary woman attended the unfortunate sufferer, silent, busy, anticipating every want translating every gesture almost before it was made. In the early morning, at noon, and in the hours of darkness, she was always there; prompt, noiseless, vigilant, self-same thing; and with all this, there was such a benignity in the whole demeanor, that I wanted to know her name and relation to the patient, who had been abandoned by the dearest ties of humanity, and whose mortal state was evidently a great torture as that of the body. The tumultuous heaving of the mind and conscience were in a sad union with the ceaseless tossing of the emaciated frame; and the vain efforts of the restless, tearful eye to close itself in sleep. "I shall die, if I don't sleep," was the constant, piteous exclamation. Lover, friend and daughter even, kept sternly aloof from that miserable bedside. She had heard of the hapless and abandoned sufferer, and for humanity's sake supplied every want from her own purse, and continued to do so for weeks and weary months, until death brought relief from the fearful combination of human sufferings. To do so much for so long a time, to administer literally, personal attentions and unstinted pecuniary aid to some one so abandoned without the hope of possibility of reward, was the work of that angel of goodness, who had written so much and so sweetly, in prose and verse—Alice Cary.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

It is man's reason which gives to the present living world all that it has of meaning and of unity. The forms of beauty and grandeur which matter puts on are only clothing furnished by mind. The Alps and Andes are but millions of atoms till thought combines them, and stamps on them the conception of the everlasting hills. Niagara is a gush of waterdrops till the soul puts into it that sweep of resistless power which the beholder feels. The ocean, wave behind wave, is only great when the spirit has breathed into it the idea of immensity. If we analyze our own feelings we shall find thought meets us wherever we turn. The real grandeur of the world is in the soul which looks on it, which sees some conception of its own reflected from the mirror around it—for mind is not living but life-giving, and has received from its Maker a portion of His own creative power. It breathes into dead matter the breath of life, and "it becomes a living soul."

Some years ago, a five-year old boy, after saying his evening prayer, asked: "Mother will, father go to heaven when he dies?" (His father was a large man with a great huge frame.)

"Yes, I hope he will; I do not doubt he will. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I only wanted to know; and for a time the subject seemed to have faded from the child's mind. But soon dropped out again. "Are you sure mother, that father will go to heaven when he dies?" "Yes, my child, I do not doubt it; why do you ask?" The little fellow was silent for a moment, and then burst out with: "Golly! what a wopping angel he'll make!"

A PARLOW VINE.—To grow a pretty vine from the sweet potato, put a tuber in pure sand, or sandy loam, in a hanging basket, and water occasionally. It will throw out tendrils and beautiful leaves, and climb freely over the arms of the basket, and upward toward the window. Not one visitor in a hundred but will suppose it to be some rare foreign plant.

Since the last census returns were aggregated at the Federal capital, three thousand babies have been born in Newton County, Ga.

The best cure for sulks, in all cases, are silks.

THE SENTINEL.

WILL T. HANLY, PUBLISHER.
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

DEATH OF AN EX-PREMIER OF SPAIN.

The cable a few days ago announced the death, at the little French sea-side village of Biarritz, of Don Gonzales Bravo Murillo, who has figured largely in Spanish politics, and was prime Minister at the time of the abdication of Queen Isabella. Murillo died in a brief, violent attack, and surrounded by deplorable poverty. He was born in 1803, in the province of Badajoz, Spain. He was originally intended for the Church, and he received his education at some of the most noted seminaries of learning in the kingdom. As he grew to manhood he took a dislike to the clerical profession and turned his attention to the study of law. Disheartened by his slow advancement in this profession he soon abandoned it and returned to his favorite study of philosophy, in which he distinguished himself sufficiently to obtain a chair in the University at Seville. His restless and dissatisfied spirit did not permit him to remain long at the University, and he soon abandoned his Professorship and returned to his first love, the law. The success that was so tardy in coming at first, now came upon him like a flood, and in a short time he stood at the head of the Spanish bar.

In 1836 he threw himself into the arena of politics, and in the succeeding year was elected to a seat in the Cortez. From that date his career as a statesman began. He filled at different times the positions of Minister of Justice, Commerce, and Finance, until 1851, when succeeded Narvaez as Prime Minister. This position he held for several years, displaying executive capacity of an exalted order, and finally gave place to his predecessor, the indomitable Narvaez. The latter died in April 1863, just as the revolution which resulted in the expulsion of the last reigning Bourbon from Spain was about to burst forth. Murillo was immediately called to the head of the Government, and signalized his re-assumption of the reins of power by causing the arrest and prompt banishment of several of the most active leaders of the revolutionary party, which decisive action delayed the outbreak of the revolt for months. Isabella, throwing the weight and all the care of government upon her minister, gave herself up to the most shameless, licentiousness. Her depraved confessor and his notorious mistress the nun Patrocinio, ruled her every action. They induced her to rob her impoverished country of fabulous sums which found their way into the papal treasury, and even led her to propose to replace the French garrison at Rome. After repeated solicitations from the Spanish queen, the French Emperor consulted to grant her an interview for the purpose of consulting about the change of soldiery she had proposed making at Rome. In September, 1868, she, with all her court, started to meet Napoleon. Her outraged and plundered subjects took advantage of her absence and threw off her yoke forever. Murillo fled from Madrid at the first outbreak of the revolution and sought refuge in France, where he died a few days ago, in the manner described at the beginning of this article. He was a man of sterling honesty, austere morals, a bigot in his religious belief, and throughout all his public career a tool of the Jesuits. He was severe and often cruel in his measures ruling his people with an iron hand, but his hands were clean of peculation, and not a dollar of the Spanish Treasury was ever transferred to his private coffers. This last, as it is the best that can be said of him, will be apt to become his epitaph.

The Lexington Press descends from its harkened dignity and accustomed region of sesquipedalian balderdash, and tries to be funny at our expense, by remarking that the Courier-Journal quotes the SENTINEL as the exponent of Democratic opinion in Kentucky. It may be that we are mistaken in calling this *jeu d'esprit* wit. If wit it be, we are content to pass it by, and drop the curtain of silence over the mental throes that attended the birth of the ranting. It is a stupidly banished from the columns of the Press. It is a very grave error. If the utterance above referred to be a ding-dong—a "savage sarcasm"—we are equally content to pass it over. It is well that once a year a little attic salt is sprinkled on this ponderous specimen of journalism—a sheet whose editorials are thin, weak and watery, and paraphrases, for the most part, on dull telegraphic dispatches. Its leaders read before bedtime, are warranted to produce a first-class nightmare. As insignificant as we may appear in the eyes of this Corypheus of the press, we repose upon the assurance that we represent as much of the Kentucky Democracy as this great organ; we certainly reflect the views of the people of our county. We cannot say as much for this Jupiter, who still thunders with the resolutions of '98 in his hands.

The copyist of the Mayville Republican is the only one of its species that designates ungrammatical editorials "typographical errors."

HOW OUR NEW GOVERNOR STARTS OFF.

Governor Leslie, in his inaugural address, did some very pretty talking about the disorder and lawlessness which exists in the State to that extent which causes alarm to the lovers of law and order, and expresses his intention to uphold and enforce and vindicate the laws at all hazards, and with all the power at his disposal. Peaceable people took heart of grace at reading this declaration. We have a Governor now, they said, who will second the courts and juries of the State in putting down crime and punishing criminals. Thereupon they rejoiced. But their rejoicing was of brief duration. His very first official action was to grant immunity to murder by pardoning a young wretch of Louisville who had wantonly taken the life of a brother wretch in a brothel. The secret of this pardon consists in the fact that the Morton family, of which this murderer is a scion, is one of the wealthiest in the city. He is pardoned now, and is privileged to roam the streets of the city, and loiter in the bagnios, and shoot and stab whomsoever may offend him without fear of the law; for he is sure of Executive mercy, so long as his father's money lasts. We do not wish to be understood as charging or intimating by this remark that Governor Leslie was paid a price for this pardon. We do not believe he would sell official favor. But we do mean that the man, like too many men who have been reared in poverty, cringes to wealth, and when he can do a favor to a wealthy man or family, does it in the hope and with the expectation of winning the recognition and the entrance to the society of the wealthy. Had young John Morton been a poor man, he would have hanged for all of Governor Leslie's interference. There are two or three poor wretches, laboring men, now in the Louisville jail under sentence of death for murders not one whit more atrocious than that of which young Morton was convicted. The juries discriminated between those poor devils and the heir of banker Morton by sending them to the gallows and him to the penitentiary for two years. That was in itself wrong. And now comes the Governor and turns Morton loose, because by that action, he pleases all the wealthy people of Louisville, who signed the petition for the pardon. Now let the mechanics, the laborers, the factory hands, the washing women, the servant girls, of Louisville, petition him for the pardon of the poor devils now in the jail who are sentenced to be hanged. We will then see whether the official bowels yearn in compassion towards all creatures.

In the meantime, as our Governor has decided to grant immunity to crime by the exercise of the pardoning power, it would be well for the people to take the matter of dealing out justice with their own hands. Mob law is terrible, but it is better than granting indulgences to murderers. One murderer well-hunged will go farther towards making murder unfashionable than the pardoning of a dozen murderers. As the Governor has proven to us that his way of suppressing lawlessness is to permit the lawless to roam the State unwhipped of justice, it does seem that the people, in order to protect their lives and property, will have to enlist the sympathies and services of Judge Lynch in their behalf.

DEATH OF "UNCLE JOE" SHAWHAN.

We grieve to learn of the death of "Uncle Joe" Shawhan, of Harrison county, which occurred last Friday night, and resulted from injuries received the Tuesday night preceding by being thrown from a young horse he was riding home from the Lexington races. He was ninety years and three days old at the time of his death. "Uncle Joe" was a wheel-horse of the Democracy of his district, and had represented Harrison county a score of terms in the Legislature. He was a soldier of the war of 1812 and the father of the Confederate Major John Shawhan, who was killed at Ivy Mountain, in Eastern Kentucky, at an early day of the late war. "Uncle Joe" and his father emigrated to Kentucky from Pennsylvania at the time of the famous "Whisky Rebellion," and were the distillers of the first "Bourbon" whisky ever made. He was a man of limited education, but great natural intellect. He was keen, shrewd, methodical, and every inch a business man. Immensely wealthy, he was remarkably plain in dress and manner, prudent in his habits, eminently sociable in disposition, and a working man to the day of his death. He was singularly free from the ignoble pride of wealth, no niggard of his charities, honest as the day is long, and was incapable of performing a wrong or a mean action. His estate was baronial in proportions, comprising 3,500 acres of fine blue-grass land, situated in Harrison and Bourbon, all of which he managed in person. But "Uncle Joe" Shawhan, with his grand and rugged but kindly nature, his ready helping hand, and his solid worth, has passed from earth. His was a long and useful life; and all over the land, at the far West and in the warm South, wherever sons and daughters of old Harrison abide, there will be tears shed over the tidings, "Uncle Joe" Shawhan is no more." Peace to the old man's slumber.

The probosciteus of the Mayville Republican nose too much to enjoy life like a fighting cock.

The editors of the Lexington Press certainly do not comprehend the attitude of the Bourbons toward the Democratic party, else they will not take the trouble to investigate the motives of what it now styles, with twenty-horse power wit, the Vallandighammers. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is the recognized high-priest and inspired prophet of Bourbonism. He lays it down as a fundamental rule of action—that is, law—of the Democratic party to elect only those men to office who will themselves refuse to recognize and obey the amendments to the Federal Constitution and decline to compel others to recognize and obey them. For, argues Mr. Stephens, they were forced upon the people by fraud, in a manner unknown to the Constitution, and are necessarily void.

Now, it has ever been a fundamental principle of the Democratic party to uphold and obey *all de facto* laws, whatever their tenor without questioning their validity, and looking only to the legal means of ridding themselves and the country of bad laws. Nullification is not one of those legal means. Nullification is radical revolution, and the Democratic party has never been a radical revolutionary party. On the contrary, it has been eminently the conservative party of the country. Mr. Calhoun, a much wiser man and a far greater statesman than Mr. Stephens, attempted to fasten the doctrine of nullification upon the Democratic faith, and miserably failed. And from that moment his public life became a failure. Mr. Stephens, were he a younger man, might profit from the example of the great South Carolinian; but as it is, it would amount to but little what views he may or may not entertain, were it not that certain papers and politicians, for objects of their own, are magnifying the importance of his opinions in order to array the Democratic party in hostility to the laws of the land, and thus insure its early and speedy disintegration.

The Vallandighammers—we, for one, accept the designation; it is a good one, much better than Brick-pottery lists—oppose this attempt to commit their party to the doctrine of nullification. They desire it to remain the party of law and order. They but follow the lead and the counsels of Old Hickory. Like him they see in nullification an attack upon the unity of the States and the supremacy of constitutional law. They echo his old battle-cry: "The Federal Union must be preserved!" Bourbons "din-na ye hear the slogan?"

Just about the time the "Tammany Corruptions" had become stale reading in Radical papers, along come the Hon. Mr. Evans, of Pennsylvania, Hon. J. Ledyard Hodges, of the Paymaster's Department, and the Hon. Governor and Hon. Treasurer of Washington Territory, and steal eight or ten millions of the public money. Admitting, for the argument's sake, that the Tammany chaps have stolen a nice pile from the treasury of New York city, and that the eight or ten millions of holding up of hands in holy horror by our Radical friends is fully justified by faith in Tammany's raciality, what a deal of howling ought we to expect from the honest fellows when they come to preach from the texts furnished by Evans & Co.—Come, Parsons Louisville Commercial, Frankfort Commonwealth, Lexington Statesman, and Mayeville Republican, let's hear from you on the subject of Radical Spoilsations.

The Bourbons are delighted with Mr. Groesbeck's speech, although that gentleman takes the ground that the XIVth and XVth amendments are finalities, that the Supreme Court cannot reach nor Congress and three-fourths of the legislatures repeal them. Compared with the "New Departure" we have been advocating, this is as a dose of wormwood beside honey. And yet we are to be excommunicated from the pale of Democracy because we contend that laws must be obeyed so long as they are laws. Pretty fellows, these Bourbons.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT. Splendid Farm For Sale!!

ON the 25th day of October next, I will offer at Public Sale, if not disposed of privately before that time, the farm on which my mother resides, situated on the Winchester and Boonesboro pike, four miles from Winchester, containing

133 ACRES,

Of No. 1 land, with an abundant supply of never-failing water, an excellent

DWELLING HOUSE.

With six large rooms, all in good repair. Barns, Stables, Carriage and Buggy House, also, a large orchard of choice fruit. This is one of

THE MOST DESIRABLE

And highly placed near Winchester. Anyone desiring such a place would do well to call and examine it, before day of sale. For further particulars call on or address the undersigned at Winchester, Ky.

M. G. TAYLOR.

Mt. Sterling SENTINEL, copy 4 times, and send bill to advertiser.—(Clark Co. Democrat.)

170 ACRES OF LAND

FOR SALE!

LYING on the North Middletown and Mt. Sterling pike, two miles from the former place, with

NEW FRAME HOUSE,

Just finished, containing five rooms and porch. If not sold before the 14th of October, will be then offered to the highest bidder.

JONATHAN OWEN.

Mt. Sterling SENTINEL, copy 21 and charge this office.—(True Kentuckian.)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The New Disinfectant BROMOCHLORALUM
NON POISONOUS, ODORLESS, POWERFUL
Deodorizer and Disinfectant.
Entirely harmless and safe.
Arrests and prevents Contagion.
Used in private dwellings, hotels, restaurants, public schools, hospitals, insane asylums, dispensaries, jails, prisons, boarding-houses, and steamboats, and in ferries, public houses, markets, for water-closets, urinals, sinks, sewers, cesspools, stables, &c.
A Specific in all Typhoid and Contagious Diseases, as cholera, typhoid fever, ship fever, small-pox, scarlet fever, and all other contagious diseases. Prepared only by TILLEN & CO., 175 William St., N. Y.
Sold by all druggists.

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FOR AUTUMN OF 1871.

We have the attention of Planters and Dealers to our large and complete stock of
STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES.
GRAPE VINES AND SMALL FRUIT.
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Descriptive and Illustrated price Catalogues sent upon receipt of stamps, as follows:
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The regular annual term of this Law School will open on Wednesday, October 11th, 1871. Full course, two terms, six months each. Students admitted to the school by application by application on or before October 10th, 1871. Tuition fee, \$50 per annum, including use of library. For particulars address
G. M. STEWART,
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TO THE LADIES

—OF—
Mt. Sterling and Vicinity.

HAVING removed to the city of Louisville, I beg leave to return my heartfelt thanks to all my friends and customers for the many liberal patronages bestowed upon me while in business at Mt. Sterling. As I intend to open in this city a first-class business in

MILLINERY, FANCY, HAIR

—AND—
Ladies' Furnishing Goods!

I would respectfully solicit your orders for anything you may need, and will attend to them with promptness and dispatch. Respectfully yours,
—OF—
No. 52 Market St., bet. 2d & 3d.
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SELECT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

J. E. BOHANNON

Will open his school on the 3rd Monday (18th) of September, and continue (including Christmas holidays) 40 weeks.

TERMS:
Half session (20 weeks).....\$20 00
Contingent fee (fuel, rent, &c.)..... 3 00
Pupils will be charged from the commencement of the session, except when they enter upon the expiration of one month.

No deduction will be made for any absence except in cases of sickness protracted for three weeks.
Bills are due at expiration of every month.
Sept. 14-20.

HARRY LEHMANN,

Watchmaker and Jeweler!

Mayville Street, between Mr. Squire's and Mr. Reid's Shop.

RECOMMENDS himself to the citizens of Montgomery county and the people in general, for repairing all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, at the shortest notice and at the very lowest prices, and guarantees his work. Also calls attention to his large assortment of Jewelry, Watches and Clocks of all kinds, which he offers at lower prices than was ever attempted in Mt. Sterling.

aug. 17-19.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of W. A. Keas, deceased, are requested to call at the law office of my attorneys, Apperson & Reed, and settle all persons having any claims against said Keas will present them properly proven at the same place.

MARY E. WHITE, Executrix, &c.
Sept. 7-20.

DESIRABLE

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

I HAVE concluded to move to the country, and will offer my house and lot in Mount Sterling, Ky., on Main Street, at private sale, until the 28th day of October, 1871, and if not sold privately before that time, it will then be sold to the highest bidder. The house is in good condition. There are on the place 3 or 10 bearing Fruit Trees, a good well of water, Stables, Smoke House and all necessary outbuildings. Also a lot of Parcel Furniture, consisting of Chairs, Carpet, Center Table, Lamp, and Stove, also, some 18 or 20 head of good Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—The house and lot will be sold in payments, which will be divided on day of sale. The other property will be sold for cash in hand. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the property. I will take pleasure in showing them round.

S. M. COOK.

4 THOROUGHBRED BULLS

Approved pedigrees, for sale at my farm near Side View.

aug. 11.

T. C. ANDERSON.

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We offer this catalogue to our friends and the public generally, hoping they may give it an attentive perusal, resulting in our mutual benefit.

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Our stock is complete, consisting of the choicest Java, Santos, Laguayra, Rio, and FRAZIER'S ROASTED COFFEE, the latter of which we have in 1 lb packages, roasted by experienced hands, in improved patent air tight cylinders, by which the rich aroma is entirely preserved and every bean is evenly cooked. These packages we recommend, both on the score of economy and superiority of flavor.

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Oolong & Gunpowder—all grades. We have a very superior article of Gunpowder or Green Tea, which we guarantee to give satisfaction in every instance, or money refunded.

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Crushed, Powdered and Granulated; Coffee, A. B. & C. Demarara, Prime to Choice; Porto Rico, and Yellow Refined.

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An invaluable adjunct to the culinary department. Recipes for making Coco pie, Pudding, Tea Cake, Coco fritters, &c., furnished with each package. The Coco will be found very delicious eaten with cream.

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1 & 2 lb. Oysters, Pine Apples, Green Sage Plums And Sardines.

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Stronger than Isinglass and only one-third the price. Stands unrivalled for making a richer and more crystalline Jelly in a few minutes, than that made in the usual tedious way from Calves feet. Each package warranted to make one quart and a half of Jelly.

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Twin Brothers Dry Hop Yeast. This cake is wholly vegetable. The materials that enter into it are healthy and nutritious. It makes whiter bread out of dark flour, than any yeast that has yet been introduced to the public.

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We sell Colton's Select Flavors. Families who desire delicious and strictly Pure Flavoring Extracts

Should use no Other

Their Great Strength, and strict purity, recommend them to all who wish the best, and to those who wish to economize, as only one-half the quantity is required. We could furnish any number of

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From our customers, who have for the last six months been using these extracts, and pronounce them

Unexcelled,

In every particular. Valuable cooking receipts furnished with every bottle.

Give us a Call.

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PRIME COST FOR

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Land and Stock

A S Executors of Dillard Hazelrigg we will sell to the highest bidder premises of deceased, adjacent to the Mt. Sterling, Ky., on

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The tract of Land owned by him, containing

225 Acres.

It is one of the most desirable tracts in Montgomery county, is in a fine cultivation, has a good

Brick Dwelling Ho

On it, and all necessary out buildings, farm is finely watered, has about 3,000 New Post and Rail Fence on it, and no better grass or grain land in the county. It will be sold in three payments: On the first payment cash in hand; the other payable 1st of March, 1872, with interest per cent from day of sale; the second payment 10th of October, 1872, and the third payment due 10th of October, 1873, each at interest from day of sale at the rate of 6 per cent annum. Possession given on sale.

At the same time and place we will

Personal Es

Of deceased, consisting

Horses, Mules, Cattle, S

HOGS,

300 BARRELS OF COR

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Of the cattle stock there is a two-year Bull, red, from the herd of Abram Rink, Clark county, and sired by Ward's 3rd caton; also, a thoroughbred Cow and two other Huffer Calves from the same herd.

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